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TRANSIENT NOTICES, FIFTY CENTS FOR EIGHT LINES, EACH INSERTION. FOR LARGER SPACE AND PERMANENT RATES, APPLY AS ABOVE.

IN reference to the communication of our friend "Jesse," and with regard to all communications from every source, THE CITIZEN simply stands and points with its finger to the sub-title on this page. There, whoever runs may read our position on the opinions which our correspondents express. We believe in free speech.

DOES DETECTION DETECT?
The modern detective policeman is only the creature of faith and fancy. There have undoubtedly been detectives. We would not for an instant shatter the idol so ruthlessly as that. But if they were, they have gone the way of all the earth. They have been swallowed down, engulfed and gobbled up by the hideous maw of crime.

This we say not in anger but in sorrow. We are aware that if you deprive us of Detective Bucket in "Bleak House" and utterly enjoin Wilkie Collins, Gaborian, and other novelists from employing this same familiar figure in their fictions, you have made much of our current literature a dreary waste. But if you strike out some portentous Pinkertons and eviscerate a score of flash weeklies the detective is really gone. In the plain language of our boyhood's fishing days, when the big bully of the pond came and bankrupted us, the detective has been seized upon and is now vanished, "hook and line, bob and sinker." The hook wherewithal the guileless thief or the unsophisticated murderer should be captured, has been the bass-hook for a shark's jaw. And while the detective has disappeared, the great steel trap-teeth of crime are gnashing as fiercely as ever.

The ordinary detective affects mystery. He utters his mysterious phrases in a stage whisper. He drinks, presumably *incognito*, with many suspicious characters. He drives furiously hither and thither at his employer's expense. Furtive councils are frequently held; and it is perceived that he is "at work" that he is "piping the job," that he has a "clue," or has "grave suspicions" or "knows more than he cares to tell." This is the way that he makes it worth while—and if one cannot have an entire theatre of actors and a stage and the other accessories, then the detective affords an abundant consolation in his own proper person.

The triumph of idiocy would appear to have been reached at Stratford, Conn. We always knew that it was a great thing to be able to enlist chemistry and photography and microscopy and all that sort of thing, but we did not know before what an amazing amount of blindness of mind came out of them. The theories demonstrated or demonstrating—boiled, that is to say, or bubbling in the pot—are highly creditable to the judgment of those people who deny Darwinism. For if evolution be no myth, we ought by this date to have been in the possession of a class of detectives who should, by very instinct, smell out the offence and the offender—bloodhounds and sleuthhounds who should run a trail down with absolute certainty.

But at Stratford, there is nothing but Mystery. No wonder that *Puck* has satirized that land of steady habits in a scathing cartoon. We are no nearer to knowing how Rose Clark Ambler came to her death than we were in getting at the guilt or innocence of the Malleys in the New Haven crime. And whenever any one washes a fact so clean that you can look through it, then comes an alleged detective and presently plasters mud over it from the outside.

The only successful detection is the detection which such a great journal as the *Tribune*, the *Times*, the *Herald*, or the *Sun* could undertake. This has already begun, and if the detectives are not impenetrably stupid, conceited, and generally asinine, they may find that they have been aided to advantage. Cream-colored oyster-slops; epileptic strangers; folks by the name of Curtis who are so unlucky as to drop their handkerchiefs—all these promising openings, in which the ambitious detective may be

buried without tombstone, are likely to be estimated rightly if the New York newspapers open on the case.

But as for the detective—why, the detective is gone. He has gone to be with the gingerbread toy horses and the penny "jawbreakers," and the chewing gum, and the stale peanuts prepared for infant minds. He is entombed with wooden nutmegs in his pocket and a basswood ham under his head. Yea, he has gone to keep company with the old time stage villain who cries "death!" and "Unhand me!" in the columns of the slush-and-garbage weeklies. Oh, he's gone and there's no doubt of it; and he will reappear in those depraved sheets, to the intense joy of the young cigarette, and to the peaceful delight of the patient patrolman, who equally dream of future days when they too shall be Sleuths or Thunderbolts, or drop on the prostrate felon like Pinkerton—or "a thousand of brick."

Alas for their hopes! Detectives no longer detect. They still keep the Ten Commandments in a series of photographs in the Rogues' Gallery, but the detective himself is

"Gone like the buhrushes round little Moses On the far banks of the Nile!"

THE SPOILS PARTY.

The Democratic papers jubilantly announce that Mr. Leon Abbott will take the stump and will speak throughout the State during the next campaign.

If his remarks to the committee which waited upon him last week to inform him of his nomination gave any clew to the character of his speeches, we hope he will do so. After listening to their complimentary address, Mr. Abbott proceeded to thank them "for this proof of their confidence, etc.; and after promising that he would make an aggressive fight added these words: "Those whom I shall reward will be the men who do the work." This one declaration will cost that candidate many votes. A few more of the same kind will be sufficient to ensure his defeat. Never in the history of this State has a political struggle been opened by a formal declaration that "to the victors belong the spoils."

We hear it stated on every hand and in the most decided manner that the college unites a man for commercial affairs; that the student cannot develop into the successful merchant, manufacturer, or financier. In other words, study of mathematics, language, literature, science, and art, and the life which this study demands, destroy executive ability. The claims of the opposition, reduced to their simplest terms, appear rather startling. Are they well founded? In the first place, many make these statements for the same reason that they speak of the moon's affecting the weather, and of that fiction, the equinoctial storm—because they accept a popular belief without investigation.

It cannot be disputed that changes of weather take place frequently at the time of the changing moon, and that a storm frequently occurs in some part of the month that has the equinox in its middle. Neither can it be disputed that the college graduate frequently shows little aptitude for business. We doubt, however, if the college has any more to do with this state of affairs than the moon with the weather or the equinox with the storm.

A favorite method of showing the incompatibility of student life and mercantile success is to quote examples. This form of argument, like artillery in the hands of the unskillful, makes much noise, but does little execution. The example must be truly representative, and in ordinary argument it rarely is so.

Some men without education have made brilliant business successes. Are they true representatives of the uneducated classes? On the contrary, they are the rarest exceptions, and on account of being exceptional they are much talked about. The typical ignorant man makes no such success, and is not expected to. Let us take a single extreme example on the other side. Dr. McCosh is one of the profoundest thinkers of the time, yet it would be hard to find his superior in executive ability. If all that characteristic shrewd business management of his had been used for his own profit, he would have doubtless owned his millions.

A college is a mill. What goes in comes out, changed indeed, but still the same. Neither the one nor the other alters the essential character of what it receives.

The free student life develops what it finds, be it what it may. The boy with professional instincts regards his course as a series of stepping stones which shall more quickly and easily lead him to the special realm of knowledge which he seeks to explore. The one, on the contrary, who longs for the activity and excitement of business life, regards the same course as furnishing him with sure and ready weapons which shall render success more quick and certain in the coming struggle. Let not the business man regard the four years as wasted time. That power of concentration gained in following the intricate reasoning of mathematics will solve almost at sight the business problem which the untrained mind would struggle with long in vain.

That same unerring precision which selects the right synonym from the浩繁的 vocabulary furnished by the lexicon will choose methods and expedients as readily as words. The mind educated in the balancing of probabilities, which has built up science, will the more readily find the true way amid the perplexing, conflicting evidences of daily life. The concentration of the greater part of our energies upon one subject has a tendency to make us narrow-minded and one-sided. A broad course of study between sixteen and twenty will tend to make a cultured, liberal-minded citizen of the mercantile world at forty. We have not time to speak of the inexhaustible source of relaxation and wholesome pleasure which the gratification of literary taste formed at college will be to the weary toller after dollars.

AS TO ADVERTISING.
What was once a mere convenience has become an art. In place of a scrawl upon a blank wall, we now have the ingenious methods of the modern advertiser. And this is so well understood that he who does not advertise is lost. Large houses even employ persons whose sole duty it is to prepare the cards and circulars and advertisements of the firm.

There are two styles of drawing attention to the wares which are for sale. One is to vaunt them above their merits, and to force them in some obtrusive and ugly manner upon public notice. The traveler is taken by the throat and commanded to "Buy Bunkum's Beautifier!" or to "Wear a coat from Snip, the Tailor," until all the manhood in him rises up and cries out, "I'll see myself pooh-marked and ragged, and then I won't!" There is no excuse for an advertiser, whether in the newspaper or upon the rocks, being such a producer of profanity and such a tormentor of his kind. When the goods do not fulfil what is said of them, or when they simply irritate the buyers' soul by their announcement, 'twere all the same as though he praised them not. Then there is the other method—and, as

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